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WITH

THOROW BASS to each SONG for the *Harpfickord, Theorbo, or Bass Viol.*

The Second BOOK; With a small Collection of *Flute* Tunes.

L O N D O N,

Printed by T. Moore, and J. Heptinstall, for John Carr, at his Shop at the  
Temple-Gate, and Sam. Scott, at his Shop in Bell-Yard within Temple-Barre.  
Anno Domini, MDCLXXXVIII.

1788

1871

White Oak ... 1871

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*Minuet. Mr. Powell.*



*Mr. Sam. Ackroyd.*



## The Symphony before the Song.



**L** Ucinda close or veil those Eyes, where thousand Lo---ve's



( 3 )

kill: Let pity move thee to seem blind, lest seeing thou lest seeing

Thou---left-seeing thou De-----stroy man-kind; Let pi-ty

move thee to seem blind, lest see--ing thou lest see--ing thou lest seeing thou

De-----stroy Man---kind; lest see--ing thou, lest see--ing thou

De-----stroy Man---kind.

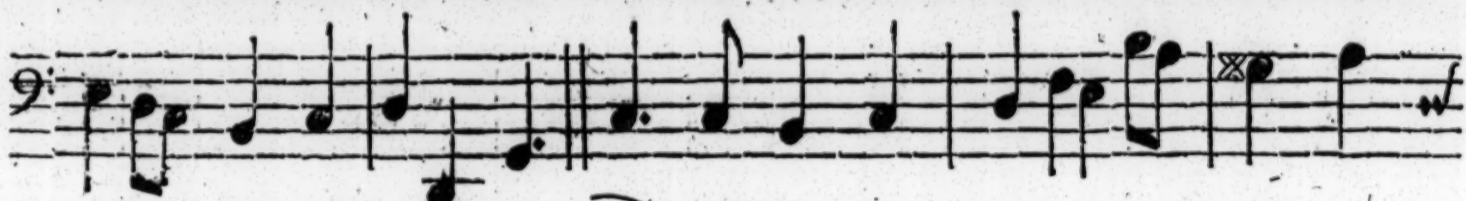
Set by Seignior Baptist.



T was a happy Golden Day, when fair *Al-the-a* kind and gay, put



all but Love and me a-way. Arm'd with soft words I did Ad-dress sweet & kind



Kisses to express a greater joy and happiness : Nature the best In-



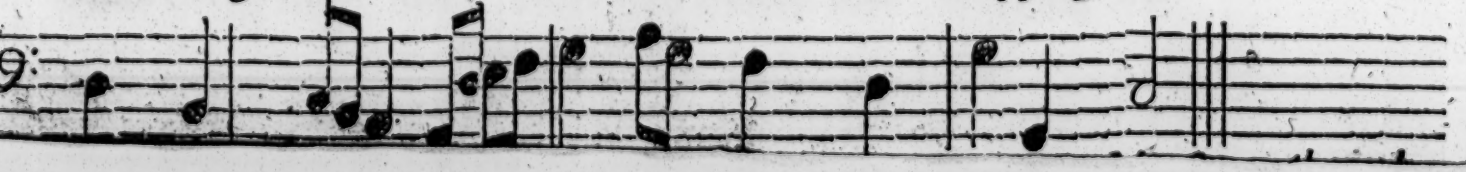
structer, try'd the Ivory Pil-lars to di-vide, that Love might fail with



Wind and Tide: She rais'd the Mast and fail'd with it; That Day two

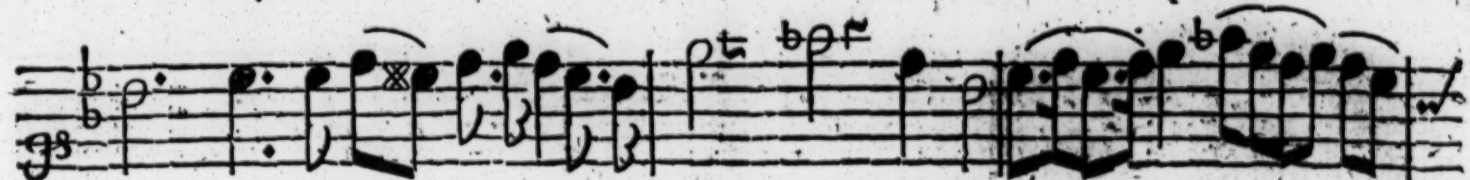


Tides to-ge-ther met, drove him a-shore soon. dropping wet.





Ome ye for-----faken Shep-herds come weep o're the si--lent Da-----mons



Tomb; weep in sad Melancholy strains; tell, tell it o're the won---dring



Plains, *Damon's* no more whose tune-----full breath cou'd once charm all, cou'd



once charm all but cru-----ell Death. No more ye Nymphs you'l



sitt by Springs whilst Love---ly *Da---mon* sweetly sings; a---dieu ye



ten-----der Flocks a-----dieu, *Da---mon* will pipe no more to you.





U--li--a--na's Charming Beauty gains a Heart she does despise: her



all pre---vail---ing wit main---tains the Conquest of her Eyes:



To her and Fate all things must bow; this difference does remain, the



Laws she gives we all al---low, nor dy---ing dare complain.



Mr. Raphael Courteuill.



Loris saw me sigh and tremble, and then askt why I did so ;



love like mine can ill dif-fer-ble : *Clo-ris* 'tis for Love of you, for those



pret-ty tempting Graces of your smi-ling Lips and Eyes, for those



pressing close em-braces when your snowy Breasts do rise.



For those Joys of which the trial  
Only can instruct your Heart :  
What you lose by your denial,

For those Shapes my lovely *Cloris*,  
And a thousand Charming things,  
For which Monarchs might implore you



H Lov'---ly *Strephon* cease to sue for what I can---not



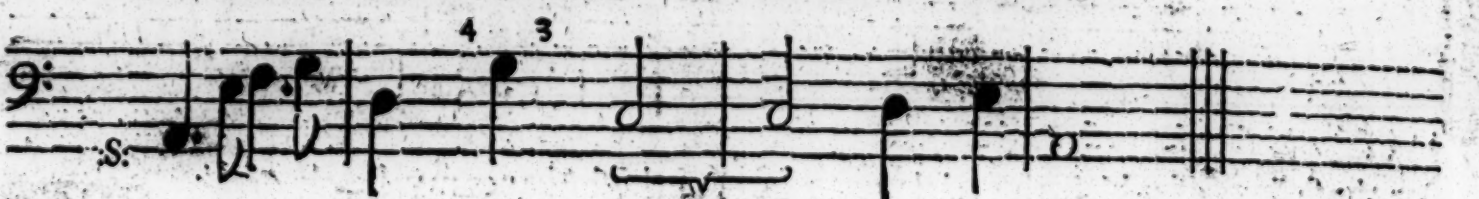
grant, my ho--nour I must quite undoe, or you the Blessing want:



Love sometimes Reigns in ev'---ry part, and I with Pain de---ny; but



Virtue quickly Checks my Heart, and bids me ra---ther Dye.



Set by Mr. *David Parcell*.



*Ilvia* now your Scorn give over, least you loose a faithful Lover,



if this humour you pursue; farewell Love and *Silvia* too.



Mr Henry Purcel.

Long have I been unregarded,  
Sighs and Teers still unrewarded,

If this does with you agree  
Troth good Madam 'twont with me.



HE's lost — oh why then shou'd I grieve for what I



ne - ver ne - ver can re - trieve; hence - forth — be still my stormy Brest, &



Rage no more for this un - kind, by Love no longer be pos-



--- felt, no more soft spell no more En - chant my mind. Then thus I



Charm the Raging Flood, o - bey the Risings, Risings, Risings in my



Blood, Ebb gently down from these extreems, neither my waking thoughts mo-





left, nor bring *Panthea* to my Dreams, but let my Love sick, Love sick



Soul have Rest; make hast my freedom to my Heart, from thence too



fatal Love, de - - part ye Tears that fall, fall, and sighs that rise,



since 'tis a fol - ly to be true, now drop your farewell to



my Eyes, and languish out your last, your last a - due.



A New Song, the Words made and set by Captain Pack.



H tis un - - just ye Pow'rs a - bove to make un - happy *Damon*



Love, then make his Passion, then make his Passion mi



se - ra - ble prove. None did frequent your Al - tars, none fre-



quent your Altars more, your De - - - - - ities did more a - dore, oh - - - -



then, oh - - - - - then ye Gods the Nymph In - spires with Love,



oh, oh, oh,

give her e - qual Fire.





N vain I boaz--sied to be free, from Loves Al--migh--ty migh---ty



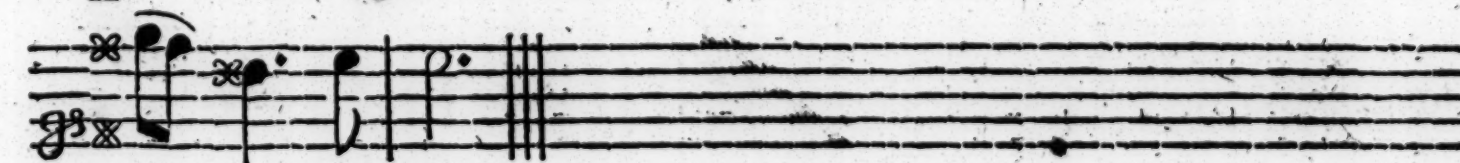
Charms, when one kind look hath Vanquisht me and all



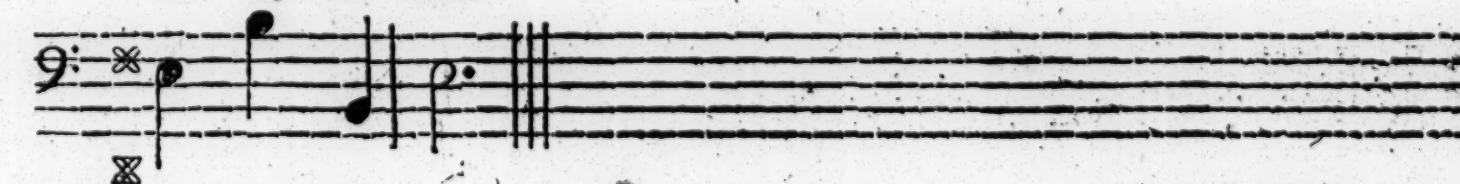
my force disarms: how weak a---las is Rea---son grown when Beau-



ty shoots her Dart; how ea-si-ly her power we own, and of-



fer up our Heart.



## A Song for two Voices. Set by Mr. Sam. Akeroyd.



Ove's a Dream of mighty treasure, which in Fancy we possess;



Ove's a Dream of mighty treasure, which in Fancy we possess;



In the fol--ly lies the pleasure, wisdom e-----ver makes it less :



In the fol--ly lies the pleasure, wisdom e-----ver makes it less :



When we think by pas-si-on heated we a Goddess have in chase,



when we think by pas-si-on heated we a Goddess have in chase,





*Ixion-like we all are cheated, and a gau---dy Cloud embrace.*



*Ixion-like we all are cheated, and a gau---dy Cloud embrace.*



Happy only is the Lover,  
Whom his Mistress well deceives;  
Seeking nothing to discover,  
He contented lives at ease.

But the wretch that will be knowing  
What the Fair one would disguise,  
Labours for his own undoing,  
Changing happy to be wife.



Eware *A---glau---ra*, tender *Aglaura* be-ware how you to *Strephon*



too good na---tur'd a---r---e, but guard your Heart on e---ve---ry part, for

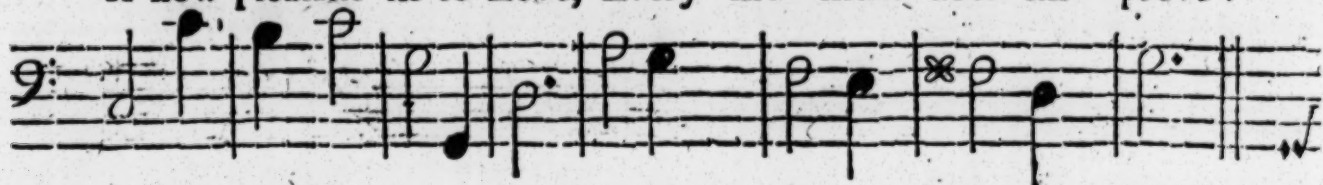


he knows all the cun---ning Art be---lie---ving Wo---man to ensnare.

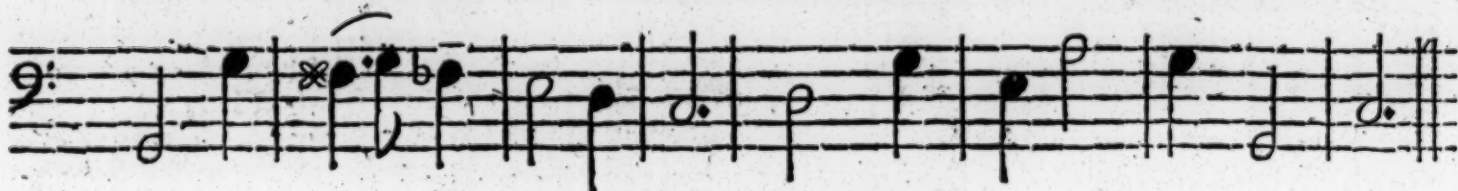




H how pleasant 'tis to Love, Every mo--ment does im--prove :



Joys sur--pri--sing now I meet, nothing like Love so Charming sweet :



Some do make a God of Pleasure,  
Others Worship hoarded Treasure;  
While the Lover's still addressing,  
To his Nymph for every blessing.

By Mr. Henry Purcell.

A CATCH. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



ale Faces stand by and our bright ones Adore, we look like our



Wine, you worse than our Score; Come Light up our Pimples all



Art we out--shine; When the plump God does paint each streak is Di-



vine: Clean Glasses are Pencils, old Cla--ret his Oyl, he that



sits for his Picture must sit a good while.

